Archives

Congo News Letter

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POWER TO THE FAINT

Lost for sixteen days in the equatorial forest without food or fire — and back to tell the tale! Nkanga Longomba was sitting in my house today telling me the story, gaunt and worn, but happy for his salvation and thanking his Saviour for having spared him.

Nkanga Longomba is one of our Christians living at the village of Ikoko, a man of middle age who gave many years of service as an evangelistic worker in outpost villages but who now lives as a member of the Christian community in his own town. Over two weeks ago he set off into the forest to look for copal, which has a ready sale in this region, being one of the ingredients used in the making of varnish. This resinous exudation is found in the mud of the swamps and is discovered by probing with a stick tipped with a sharp metal point.

Nkanga struck north and west into a great stretch of swamp and forest, taking no provisions since he planned to return the same day with whatever copal he might find. For hours he searched for the lumps of copal which would purchase comforts for himself and his wife, paying little attention

to the direction of his wanderings, and so when it was time to turn homewards he found to his dismay that he had lost his direction. To the east of Lake Tumba there are villages everywhere and one is rarely out of sound of the drums of a village by which one may be guided back to home and friends, but to the north and west there is a stretch of forest from Irebu to Coquilhatville where the only villages are less than half a dozen tiny settlements on the banks of the Congo River. It was in this vast stretch that Nkanga was lost. It is somewhere in this unknown expanse that there are supposed to lie innumerable ivory tusks, the relics of elephants who have gone into the fastnesses of the forest to die, and whose remains have been seen by only a few hardy pygmy hunters.

Nkanga Longomba slept in the forest that night, lying on the bare ground and without a protective fire. The native fears leopards and is afraid in his own village to sleep with open doors or windows. Stories are told of how leopards used to seize people in their rudely built shelters before the country was opened up by white men, and very occasionally today a case occurs. But Nkanga had to spend that night, and fifteen more out in the forest and alone. When asked whether he was afraid he answered, "No, I sang hymns and prayed and felt quiet and peace in my heart, and all the time I was lost I never saw a living thing."

The next day Nkanga set off to the east, taking his direction from the rising sun. All day he walked but nightfall found him still lost and he spent his next night dozing, singing, and praying until dawn came. For two days he thus followed the eastern route, but

finding that this was not resulting in success he decided to strike south the next day. For days after that he went south but never found a track or trail that might lead him back to his home. At this time of year there is little rain and we have had an especially long dry season for the equator, with the result that the swamps are dried up. It wasn't long before Nkanga was badly in need of water and could find none. Had he been a pygmy he might have been able to fare better but being a fisherman he was in difficulty. He came upon a spot where some wild pigs had been standing, and in the depressions left by their hoofs was a little muddy water. This he drank and felt somewhat refreshed.

The nights were cold and the days were hot, and Nkanga began to suffer from attacks of fever, but though growing weaker he kept on day after day, finding strengh to perservere as he continually lifted his heart in prayer to God that he would direct his ways. People have been lost before in this forest, the bleached bones of a young man were once discovered long after he had disappeared. Beside them lay two drum sticks which he had made, and a makeshift drum upon which he had beaten a tattoo as long as he had strength to do so, in hopes of attracting the attention of any searchers who might. have been in the vicinity. But Nkanga would not give way to despair, and though growing fainter with each day he found a spiritual power that gave him peace and confidence and the will to go on.

On his fifteenth night he lay down to sleep, asking God to direct him on the morrow, and as he slept he dreamed. He dreamt that a strange sort of machine was approaching him through the forest

and as it came it made a straight and level road. Coming nearer it seemed as if it would go over him and he, in his dream, drew to one side to keep out of its path, watching it over his shoulder. Presently he heard a voice telling him that that was the way he was to take in the morning and that it would lead him home. Accordingly, when he woke at dawn he got up and set off in the direction that he had seen in his dream, but evening came and still he was in the forest with no sign of hope. Again he prayed and said, "Lord, you showed me last night the way to go and I've tried to follow it, but I must have made some mistake during the day and now it is nightfall and I'm not home, and I do not know which way to take tomorrow, kindly lead me in the right way when the day breaks."

Next morning he woke and to his joy heard a drum beating far away. He stood up the better to determine the direction of the sound, then started off. Soon he crossed the bed of a small dried up stream, and continued on his way, but a few hours later was disturbed to find himself back at this same stream which he was able to recognize, so he again started off in the direction that he had located but once again, about noon, found himself back at the same stream. Once more he earnestly sought God's leading, then started off. After some walking he began to recognize landmarks, came out to the banks of a stream which he recognized, and before long came upon some of his friends from Ikoko out in their canoes. There was great joy and some weeping when Nkanga got back, many had quite given him up for dead and he came to them as one resurrected. There had been special prayer made for his safety and now the Christians of the village

athered for a special service of thanksgiving and praise o Him who had answered their prayers. This experi-nce will undoubtedly bear fruit and many who have een indifferent to the call of Christ will seek Him vho "giveth power to the faint".

H. D. Brown

ADVENTURING FOR CHRIST

As we journey from village to village, the life of Christ comes very vividly to our minds. The people crowd around us and we remember Christ's many references to the multitudes. Also, as we try to cope with the needs of the many people we feel a great need of prayer. We understand why Jesus went aside to pray. He needed quiet to speak with His Heavenly Father, to know His Will and to feel His blessing. We too, crave to know God's Will and we hunger for His blessing.

We need much patience and we need much divine guidance if we are to lead these people into a real knowledge of Christ's way of Life. Christianity slips so easily into a lip service to God instead of serving God with heart and mind in all that we do.

Our teachers and elders, as well as our pastors, forget that the children too belong to the Kingdom of God. They do not know that children if they are to know Christ's Way of Life must be treated with RESPECT. Children surround us on every side. We can hardly walk at times. They seem to vie with one another to be as close to us as possible. Not knowing any better way, the teachers and elders chase the children away from us. We remember the passage: "Let the little

children come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of God." So we stop and tell our teachers, "Do not chase the children away, only tell them to stay out of the path so they will not be trampled under foot by our kipoy men."

At the communion center last week, a large group of young people were asked to refrain from taking communion, because they had been dancing a vile immoral dance and some drinking palm wine. My husband turned to me at the time and said, "Oh, how I dislike to refuse these young people communion. I love them. I just wish we could keep them." Every day I hear my husband say to the church members, "You must choose between dancing and following God's way. You cannot go two ways. He sometimes draws a forked road in the sand with a stick and then tries to walk both ways at once. "You see", he says, "you cannot walk two ways at once."

Adventuring for Christ in the Moanza field we cannot be choosy about what path to take. In order to reach the villages we must follow sandy paths that often seem to lead down into the bowels of the earth, as well as hot sunny paths on the high plains. When we have the deep valleys to cross we follow the path down several hundred feet, we come to the edge of a forest, and we think we are nearly down, but no, we still have several more hundred feet to descend. When we finally do get down we look up at the majestic trees that must measure more than a hundred feet, and we realize it was they that gave us the impression that we were nearly down when we still had a long way to go. Here at the bottom we find a beautiful stream, sandy bottomed and rocky.

The carriers lay their burdens aside to refresh themselves with the cool clear water. Across the stream there is a narrow log bridge. Now we rest awhile, for the hill we are to climb is as steep and as high as the hillside we have just come down.

We find that we must give much time, thought and prayer on our itineraries to marriage problems. In nearly every village some marriage palaver was brought to us for settlement. One old man who already had three wives insisted that a certain girl must marry him, because her uncle owed him 46 frs. (about $1.50). He said, "If Lesa won't come to my house, I will take her mother in payment of the debt. "In another village a very young girl had just been forced to marry a very old man. She had screamed and protested while even our church members helped to carry her to this man's house. We succeeded in persuading the uncle to return the 2 pieces of cloth, which was all the man had paid for this young girl. The chief of a different village had inherited his brother's wife. She had two daughters by this chief's brother. When the elder daughter was marriageable the chief forced her to marry him. She was forced to marry her own fathers' brother. When we were in the district this chief was beginning to put pressure on the second daughter to force her too to marry him. She objected. Her name is Mandeleni. We sent her to the state with two of our trusted teachers. The chief was sent to prison and Mandeleni was delivered from this repulsive marriage. A state man had given my husband the tip — to send girls forced to marry against their wishes to the state, with a teacher. Then the girl gets a chance to tell her side of the case without undue pressure from her

relatives.

One noon day just as we had finished eating our dinner under a mango tree, the teacher of Kindungu brought Eleni to us. It was another case of forced marriage. The mother was determined Eleni should marry an old man with several wives and many children. We decided to send the case to the state. The mother followed us through the forest wildly crying as though her daughter had died. She was crying for our benefit. As soon as we had passed her a ways her crying stopped suddenly. Lately we have heard that arrangements are being made for Eleni to marry a young Moanza man now studying at Kimpese to become an evangelist. This young man is THE young man Eleni has wanted to marry for three years. We believe their home will be a Christian home.

We are adventuring for Christ among a people that are in a few respects repulsive. They talk very loudly and quarrel at the slightest disagreement. Their tone of voice makes one think they are ready to fight. Some spit at one another and curse. But there is another side to the picture. I have never seen them smile any wry half smiles. Their smiles are always genuine honest to goodness smiles. Their laughter is deep and hearty. They have many beautiful character qualities; too many to enumerate here.

They show their love and concern for their white missionary in many ways. One evening a big rain storm came up suddenly when we were eating supper in a little native church, which had no doors or windows to close. Dust and sand was blown into our food. While we were wondering what we could do, a group of men were beginning to tie up grass mats at the

open spaces. We had not said anything to anyone. During the rain they stayed with us and we had a long chat about their school and church work. Later we said to one another, "Is'nt it remarkable how thoughtful they are of us." There is beauty in every soul. As missionaries it is our privilege to sharpen that beauty, and we can do that only by leading them to Christ.

Ruth Engwall

THE FREDERICKSONS' DIARIES
—1898—

MAYEYE WHO VOLUNTEERED TO BE "HOSTAGE": Two years ago the State Officer living in our district sent word for us to come to his State Post to meet the chiefs from the surrounding villages. When we arrived the Officer had steamer chairs placed for us outside. After greetings, we were informed that the chiefs, among whom were several witchdoctors, were constantly speaking of the white people in our district as having come to Congo to "eat the souls of the Congo people". The chiefs, with their attendants, were seated on mats on the ground in a half-circle. The Officer had decided to stop this false blame for once and for all, and he asked Fred to name the punishment. Although surprised, it did not take him a minute to give the answer. He asked the State Officer that he be given a boy as a "pledge" and that the witchdoctors promise not to blame any persons in our district for witchcraft. As usual, there was a loud discussion about it, for chiefs know how hard it is to coax — except with gifts — anyone to leave their town under such circumstances. Then a tall boy about seventeen stood up

and, to our astonishment, told the group that he would volunteer to go with us to Kifwa. The parley was settled, and we returned home with Mayeye — that was his name and he came from Nsangi village.

Arriving at Kifwa, Fred introduced Mayeye to the station boys and told him to go with them to their house where he would receive a blanket and a mat. Every work day he would go with the boys to morning roll-call, then to work, meals, worship and school. Sunday was worship and rest-day. Mayeye took it all in. As Fred expected, the boy was drawn to Christ as he learned to read about him, and sing of his love. He was baptized, and after a couple of years of training Mayeye came to Fred in the fall of 1898 with a request: that he be permitted to go and teach his own people in Nsangi village. Fred told Mayeye that he had had faith in him the day he volunteered to come to Kifwa, and that he was happy now that Mayeye had felt the call to preach. He gave him a New Testament in Kikongo, the Old Testament had not as yet been translated. Mayeye was a good soldier of the cross and a good example to others. With a few slates, school-books and a hymn book, he bid us goodbye. Every month Mayeye came to Kifwa and joined eighteen other evangelists in our Preparatory School. The people in Nsangi were turned to God by Mayeye's preaching. This church with Mayeye as their pastor soon numbered thirty members. Later, he was chosen to help in baptizing the converts. Mayeye married a Christian girl and they had a couple of children. For many years Mayeye kept the faith and was a leader, then he was stricken with double pneumonia and died soon after they had carried him to us at Sona Bata.

Like his Master, Mayeye gave himself "a pledge" for the people in this district that their guilt be taken away. How many people were saved from the poison cup by this peculiar arrangement no one but God knows. Since the day that this promise was pledged, the witchdoctors have thought it wise to stop insinuating that the chiefs sold the people's spirits to the white people; the daily and manifold troubles now come from another direction, by order from the Pope: "To hinder the progress of Protestantism in Congo Free State".

* * * *

MOSES KIKWAKWA: The first two converts in Kifwa village were Moses Kikwakwa and his inseparable companion, Steven Bangu, both sons of chiefs in a line far back; and these two were among our most faithful evangelists, inspiring preachers and soul winners.

Kikwakwa's father was one of the three chiefs crucified in the tragic event when Monsieur Holz was killed in a palaver. Kikwakwa's mother was Ma Simpi, sister of Chief Mangyala. Moses Kikwakwa was baptized in 1895.

In 1897 Kikwakwa was chosen by the Kifwa church to assist Fred in baptizing. The church had nothing against him. In a letter many years after, Kikwakwa reminds us of that day, and how he had prayed while we laid hands on him, that he might serve to the glory of God. Kikwakwa and his wife brought up a family in the fear of the Lord.

The whole family went to Kimpese Training Institute. The splendid training, the deep spiritual atmos-

phere of the teaching, the fellowship with the faculty and the students, enriched Kikwakwa's life of service to others.

After forty years of service in Sona Bata Mission field, Kikwakwa was decorated with a medal by the Belgian Government. Humbly, Kikwakwa came forward and received the medal from the Government Representative. Our Mission and missionaries share with gladness in this honor. Moses Kikwakwa is now retired, but his spirit is re-tired and he will preach even as he is growing older. Kikwakwa has been tied up by soldiers, and beaten by the followers of the Jesuits, for his religion. There are chapters to be added about this pastor. His description of a preaching journey on foot, with three other evangelists, answering "the Macedonian call", is a thrilling story.

* * * *

MA SIMPI, KIKWAKWA'S MOTHER: Ma Simpi was the first woman converted in Kifwa village. That was in 1897. She tried for years to win her brother, Chief of Kifwa, to Christ.

Whenever an order came from the State Officer for all women in the village to clear the roads, much wider than the old trails which were often so narrow that one could not stand with both feet together, Ma Simpi had to go and work like the other women. At meal time she would sit and tell them all she knew of Christ, and also sing for them.

Whenever soldiers came to hunt for carriers, the village "Lookout" would at once run swiftly to the chief in the village and warn him of the soldiers' coming, then all women and children would run to

the "bush" to hide for fear of being made prisoners. Ma Simpi was one of these. Then in the evening, when she heard the church drum-call to evening worship, she would walk towards the village, thinking that the soldiers had departed. One day she heard someone near whisper: "Who?" "I, Ma Simpi." "Hurry, go back and hide thee, it is the soldier beating the drum to deceive us."

Ma Simpi had an invalid son who died from large burns after falling into a campfire. Her youngest son was Makitu.

Ma Simpi was taken ill, and after calling in her brother, the Chief, she pleaded with him to leave his heathen ways and become a Christian. Then she called for her little son and said: "Makitu, be a good boy, do not steal, do not tell lies, but continue to follow and to pray to Jesus as you have begun, and you will meet me in heaven." Fred was with her the last day, she clasped his hand in farewell, and not long after she fell asleep. At her funeral sorrow was shown on every face. We miss her so. Her peaceful death with no fear at all — what a contrast to these who die without God and hope.

* * * *

MAKITU, THE BOY PREACHER: Makitu became a joyful believer when his mother, Ma Simpi, became a Christian in 1897, but Makitu was considered too young to be baptized. He was indeed filled with the Holy Spirit, and having learned to read well, he went daily into the hut of his grandmother who had dropsy, to read Bible stories and sing hymns to her. Makitu won his old "Yaya" to Christ before she died — a

happy Christian.

Makitu was baptized when he was nine years old. At the 1899 Matondo he was asked to speak. He mounted a soapbox, because he was so little, and spoke from the scriptures to 430 people, very clearly and inspiringly.

Two months after his mother's death, Makitu was carried over to Mr. Nelson for treatment. He had double pneumonia and lived only a few days. All of us felt we had lost a great friend, but he had gone to his Saviour and to his mother. We went to the funeral, and little Makitu was laid beside his mother.

M. M. Frederickson

TRIUMPHS AND TRIALS AT TONDO

Vacation in Congo means for many missionaries a change in work, not a cessation from labour. A two-minute bike ride by the teacher to one school gives place to daily rides of 10 to 22 miles with supervisory visits to schools in several villages; attendance at one or two preaching services is superceded by more active participation in numerous spiritual convocations; routine work among the sick who come to the hospital continues but the doctor through medical census of entire villages tremendously enlarges the scope and value of her ministry to combat physical ills and teach preventive medicine or hygiene.

About 100 villages in the Tondo field were thus reached from May to the middle of July last year by Miss Eldredge and Dr. Witt. Pastor Bonsei John accompanied them to administer the ordinances at six central towns. Forty-two converts followed their Lord

in baptism and 463 Christians partook of Communion. Approximately 10,000 heard the Gospel preached; received instruction regarding the care of their bodies, huts and villages; were physically examined, many being treated at once for minor ills and others provided with credentials for securing optional or compulsory treatment at a State dispensary or the Mission hospital.

The recent impetus given to the building of a great network of roads, and the development of large rubber plantations is challenging the Church of Christ to faithful witness if the people are to be made and kept spiritually and physically fit to battle with the adversary and his emissaries.

Are you holding the line so that you feel the tug telling YOU of OUR need for your spiritual, financial and heart interest? Or is that line of love and interest which bound us and Congo crises to you years ago, tied around a stake at some forgotten pier?

Parts of two journeys required crossing the lake and canoeing on creeks; one journey was made in the half-ton Chevrolet truck; but the larger area was covered pumping or pushing bicycles. Thrilling? yes, terribly so! Bumping along where elephant's feet had left deep holes for considerable distances, on foot paths where brush met over one's head and leaves wetted one with stored up dew and raindrops; through slippery ooze, or deep sand; hurdling fallen trees; tripped up and tipped off by hidden stumps; through mysterious swamp areas crossing oneself and a bike on a single long, slippery log; or riding the bike on a razor-back path built through 1 to 3 miles of swamp. One day an infirmier reported,

"We were riding slowly: Doctor, then Mademoiselle and I while the others were following. Suddenly I looked up and saw Doctor only, Mademoiselle had completely disappeared. I rushed forward and looked to the right. Laughing, quite wet but unhurt, there she was in the swamp with the bicycle on top of her."

Nights were spent in the large native house built in each village for the convenience of itinerating government officers or other white folk. A cook, 3 infirmiers and 2 other men usually accompanied the missionaries, and 15 or 18 men were chosen from each village to transfer the food, medical and personal supplies to the next one.

It is 1:30 a.m. at Makula. What do I hear? Crackle, snap, drop, drop! Not rain! Not smoke, it can't be fire. Perhaps there are snakes. Sleepily one brushes an insect off the arm, then off the face. Neither occupant of the room wishes to disturb or alarm the other. Funny the other fellow does not hear it and wake up! At last a subdued whisper, "What do you suppose that eerie noise is? Something has gotten under the mosquito net too. Isn't it great that the flashlight batteries came this afternoon, let's turn the light on." What a sight met the eyes, the beds and nets polker-dotted, the floor billowing with driver-ants. It was apparent that they were rallying their legions before making one decisive attack upon the two Caucasian sleepers.

Thankful for flashlights, shoes were emptied of enemy hosts, donned, and with flying leaps 2 pajama-clad figures flew out of the house. One call coupled with the word "drivers" brought the boys with torches and flaming logs from their hut fires and the fight began.

The angry ants now began to bite, and such prancing and dancing as one tried to pick them off all parts of the anatomy. The missionaries decided to leave the house to the boys, so grabbing a thermos with some old coffee, a saucepan and cups, they repaired to a tiny native shed near by, made a fire, heated the coffee and — my, it was good! The boys then de-anted one camp bed and two blankets, took it to the open shed and "au clair de lune" their teachers committed themselves again to the arms of Morpheus.

"Doctor, perhaps you can go to see a woman who wants to die?" Immediately she was away, soon proper drugs were administered, and some days later the coffin which anxious relatives had made was ripped apart and the boards relegated to happier use.

Three prisoners came from a distant village. Two ulcer cases were treated and sent for further care to the State dispensary. The pneumonia case was given care in a nearby hut and promised a camion ride on the morrow to help him reach the dispensary. But soon after midnight his spirit took flight. A pygmy stranger, no eye wept, no voice mourned his passing. Grudgingly his body was wrapped and carried back to his far away town. But, a few hours later wailing did echo from end to end of the town announcing the death of a young man on vacation from the Tondo boarding school. However, the piercing wails were as eloquent of heathen superstition and fears as that silent scene of early dawn. How black is the darkness where Christ is not.

Many times in the villages emergency measures were blessed and children or adults with relatives left to rejoice at the help given by the doctor and her

assistants. Others were given the authoritative word or permission needed to go for surgical or medical care to the distant Mission hospital. Mothers especially were urged to seek pre-natal care. Baby shirts or blankets were given to the little newest babies, but the supply soon ran short. In this area of Congo, black-marked because of high infant mortality and diminishing population, baby shirts and blankets aid immeasurably in the conduct of baby welfare work. Over 160 mothers are enrolled in Tondo's weekly clinic, and for them, as well as the hundreds of babies in more distant areas, supplies are needed.

Girls little and big are being required to shoulder home burdens and gardening, while older women join the men in road building and other work which enables them to earn money for taxes Absent from village schools, they are growing increasingly indifferent to Christian influence and more sudmissive to marriages contracted for them by their elders, thus reverting to many heathen practices. Heathen mothers are not infrequently intimidated and through fear pledge themselves and their children to the care and discipline of the Roman church. Oh, the heartbreak as one saw day after day those in whom great hopes had been placed, now so indifferent to Christ. Boarding schools are not enough. Missionaries and consecrated women leaders must reach the mothers and grandmothers in the villages to free them from the shackles of heathen foes and secure them through faith to Christ. Dorcas societies would enable leaders to train hands to practical work and tune ears and hearts to Gospel truths. Remnants of cloth, thread, needles and fancy tapes are means used here to achieve grand results.

There has been real gain in schools for boys. At strategic places monitors are attracting many pupils and good work is being done in the native languages and French. Texts are limited, and with depleted staffs translation work becomes practically impossible. And here we note a real obstacle to progress in training men and women for positions of responsibility and leadership in the Congo church and civil life. Potential power throbs in all heathen breasts. Will they become Sauls and Jezebels or Pauls and Marys; word-controlled or Christ-possessed? We started to be concerned about the matter. You together with us must finish the task, or answer why!

Marguerite Eldredge

VISITING FRIENDS OF THE "ONE TRIBE OF GOD"

In 1935 I left my village of Bolobo to come to Leopoldville-Ouest, which is in the Lower Congo, as pastor here of the Lingala speaking church. When I arrived in Leopoldville I saw all manner of customs and heard several different languages. At Leopoldville I heard time and again that in the Lower Congo there were many villages and in many of these was the church of Christ.

On hearing these words and in talking with people coming from these villages I had a great desire, if the way could be found, to visit some of these places and the friends there.

Mama and Tata Hall gave me a vacation for ten days and arranged for my classes and other tasks; so the way was opened for me to visit the Lower Congo

(Continued on page 22)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

"I WISH I WERE BLACK"

And I do wish I were black. Perhaps that sounds funny to you, but that is because you do not live in Africa where almost all the other people are black. You see, I'm not black and I'm not white. It's an awfully funny way to be and the rest of the boys all poke fun at me.

I've been at the Mission Station nearly three months now and it's just ever so different from the village where I lived with my mother. She is black like most of the other people here in Congo. She said that I could come and live at the Mission Station because she has another husband now and doesn't need me anymore. Her new husband is black, too.

I never knew before that people could be kind. I suppose that is why I did some things which made people say I was a naughty boy and that I stole and lied. I didn't know very much about any other way to do things, even if I am only seven years old.

Futila isn't as big as I am but perhaps he is older than I am. He is much smarter than I am and can do things faster and better. I suppose that that is because he is all black and I am only part black. I wonder if he really meant to be as horrid as he was the first day I came to be at the Mission. He poked fun at my color and said I was a bad boy. It made

me want to cry, but I am seven years old and of course big boys of seven don't cry when some one is being horrid to them,

The missionary lady scolded Futila for saying horrid things to me and then she gave me a big brother. She told my big brother that he was to take care of me and love me and show me how Jesus loves little children.

My big brother's name is Zala. I guess I forgot to tell you that my name is Muzinga. Zala has been teaching me all sorts of things and he has been ever so good to me. He made me a bed of sticks (his friend Kambamba helped too) and every night he puts me to bed and teaches me ever so many nice things that I never knew before. He almost makes me forget that I am not all black like he is.

One day when Futila and I were working together at our chores and carrying things on our heads the way all Congo boys and girls do, we noticed a big bump on my head. When I went to show it to the white Mama the people who were standing around all said, "Oh, his head is soft .... that is because he is a white boy". The rest of the boys all have nice hard heards and they never get lumps no matter how heavy the load they carry on their heads. I wish I had a nice hard head like that.

Futila and I are very good friends now. I guess that is because Zala has taught me so many nice things that I have never even tried to take anything that belonged to anyone else since I came to live at the Mission. And I work so hard at whatever little tasks they give me, and try so hard to do what they tell me to do, that now they are say-

ing, "he surely is a nice little kid and not a bit of trouble." So perhaps it doesn't really matter after all that I am only half black. Still, I surely do wish I were black.

V. L. Smith

(Continued from page 19)

together with Tata and Mama Watkins. We left Leopoldville the 10th of November bound for Kimpese. We spent the first night at Sona Bata where I stayed with Mukoko, and we talked of the things of the village and of God far into the night. When we arrived at Kimpese the next day I rejoiced to meet friends there. What brought most joy to me was the school for teachers and pastors at Kimpese, for us black folk. This school is called E.P.I. (Ecole de Pasteurs et d'Instutiteurs). In this school are Bakongo (Lower Congo people) who come from far and near, and amongst them some Bangala (Up-River folk) who have come from a great distance. They all study and work together with a single purpose using one language, Kikongo. Not long ago the Bakongo believed the Bangala would eat them and they did not dare live together. But here at Kimpese I found that love was a bond between the different tribes. I saw too that the will of God is true, we can be as the children of one father because of the love in God's heart for us all.

After a few days we left Kimpese to go to Banza Manteke. When we arrived there I again saw much joy in finding friends and students in school who were eager to learn and were of one mind and heart. There

I saw that because of a hunger to learn some students had come a very long way and from different villages and tribes. There also I found two boys who knew Lingala, they had come from Tondo, which is several days journey up-river from Leopoldville. I was happy to talk with them in this language.

After three days visit we returned to Kimpese. The car decided to give us trouble. We had to change tires three different times — the last in a rain storm.

I rejoiced to greet personally my friends at Kimpese; I shall never forget the love and kindness shown me in the home of Tata Timotio and his wife Mama Lesa. I found only love in their home, for they accepted the love of God and His work before I was born. I recognized that the Water of Life that Jesus gave to the woman of Samaria long, long ago had come into the hearts of these two folk when they accepted Christ. Their love for their friends and strangers shows their love for Christ.

After one day at Kimpese I started my journey back to Leopoldville by train. Since coming back I have been grateful to Tata and Mama Watkins for their interest that made it posible for me to travel with them in their car to see part of the Lower Congo and visit these friends.

What impressed me most on this trip was the way the love of God is working and spreading in our country, attracting tribes from far and near to believe in Jesus so that they may belong to the One Tribe of God.

Nseka Jérémie

"And hath made of one blood all nations of men."

TRANSLATION of a letter received from a man who was sending after his wife who had been in treatment for hook-worm at the hospital at Kikongo:

To Tata and Mama:

Receive greetings that come from your child in the Lord. I want to let you know that I am sending two men; they are coming to fetch my wife. If she has finished drinking her medecine, then she has permission to return with those whom I have finished sending, who will carry the child and all her things as well.

However, if the worm (same word used for worm as for snake) has not died, then it would not be well to let her return to the village with the worm. If the worm is not yet dead, then she must stay and drink more medecine. When it has finished dying, then you may give her the road to return with those whom I have sent to carry her things and the child.

I close. Your disciple
Alphonse Masala.

Bolumbu Sarah, unlettered but devout Christian at Tondo passed to her reward last summer. On July 30th her brother Nambetwa died. Probably over 80 years old and chief over a considerable territory, he is known to have been greatly influenced by Sarah's life and counsel, but he never accepted her Christ. We hope that his successor will be all that she vainly sought and longed for in her brother.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER IN CONGO

It is still only November, but we are already making plans for Christmas. Everyone enjoys the church services, the children's program and the singing of the Christmas Carols which never grow old. However, adults, as well as children, also look forward to the Christmas dinner. The children, of course, are especially happy when we speak of things to eat. So, to gladden their hearts, we try to prepare a good Christmas dinner. As there are 150 children in our boarding school at Sona Bata, planning and cooking a big meal for them is no small task.

We first choose our meat. "Let's have goat," says Mandiangu who supervises the cooking every day. "Since school started, the boys and girls have had no meat, only dried salted fish, once a week. Now, we must have a change."

"How will you prepare the goat?" I hear someone ask. We do not roast it — we boil it in water with some salt and red pepper. When the meat is cooked, we heat plenty of palm oil. To the hot oil, we add chopped onions, then, the meat. The children here like gravy or "soup", as they call it, so we add, also, the liquid or "stock" which remains in the pot.

Here is our complete menu for the dinner: goat meat, mbika or pumpkin seeds, rice, manioc bread, bananas and peanut brittle. The shelled pumpkin seeds are pounded until the mass looks like peanut butter. Then, all is boiled in water, to which is added chopped onions, tomatoes, small dried fish, salt and pepper. On the rice, when it is boiled, now that we have so much oil on the meat, we do not pour hot

palm oil), as is generally the case. Nevertheless, it is difficult to boil rice well in clay pots. The manioc bread takes most time. The roots or tubers of the manoic (Cassava plant) are soaked in a stream for several days, then peeled. The pulp is pounded. Part of it is boiled in water. Then, all is kneaded well and made into loaves, wrapped in leaves. The loaves must be tied strongly with a string made from palm branches, then boiled for about two hours in water. Our dessert takes the least time of all. The bananas we cut green about two weeks before the dinner takes place. We hang them up to ripen in a house, that is all. The peanut brittle can easily be made from melted Congo sugar and peanuts from our last year's garden. Though quickly made and very simple, the dessert is much appreciated.

Such is our Christmas dinner at Sona Bata. We should like to invite you all to come to our dinner. You might not wish to eat our Congo food, though it really is quite good, but it would cheer your hearts to see the happy faces of our black boy and girls when they begin their meal with a song of thanks to Our Heavenly Father from whom come all good things.

Vendla Anderson

KIMPESE NEWS

It simply refuses to rain at Kimpese this season, so our water-powered lights are growing dim and the manioc sits marking time, perhaps hopefully, beneath the withered clods. But a dry spell, like all of missionary life, has its compensations: grass is easier to keep cut, sweet potatoes still keep in the ground, and

leaky roofs don't leak. And eventually, judging from Kimpese experience down the years, we can be sure of rains enough sooner or later to ensure an adequate yield of food.

And we need it. For our rising attendance brought a hundred men this year with all their wives and children. This means that 600 people have to be fed on about 150 acres of arable soil. Try it in New York state some time and see how well it works.

Our new class of selected graduates is a complete success, the pride and joy of the school. Several other changes in the program are fixed for next year, and we are sure they will be effective too. If it is true that "only what changes can abide" then Kimpese is far from dead.

There are nine missionaries on the staff this year. The Swedish Mission had to close its school for white children at Pointe Noire at the beginning of the war, so the Stenstrom children (7 and 9) are with their parents here. The Lanoue baby is not exactly over-sized but she is all alive and has perfected the rolling technique for going places.

Even the men take time to play — they go hunting about one Saturday a month. They have done plenty of walking and shooting without destroying much wild life, but they have succeeded in bagging a couple of antelopes and three buffaloes. And there is plenty left. But even at that game Dr. Mabie goes one better. An antelope driven by fire ran into her compound, broke its neck against her chicken wire fence, and died on the spot!

Ulric Lanoue

KIKONGO NEWS

Miss Jorgenson spent such a short time with us, only ten months, but each month spent here endeared her to us more and more. She gave herself unsparingly and has left behind a host of folk who will remember with gratitude how she brought them health and happiness. We are grateful to her too for being the attraction that brought Miss Shepard to Kikongo for a few weeks to study language.

The whole countryside has been rejoicing at the return of "Mama Andesoni" who was nearly mobbed by the folk as they tried to get near her and tell her how glad they were to see her back again. We will all rejoice even more when the final touches are put on the the Pierce Memorial Hospital, thus enabling her to carry on her work more effectively.

Village itineration has been the order of the day for some time. The Armstrongs spent July and August itinerating the Bayaka field and during July the Smiths itinerated the Kikongo and Kinkosi church fields. Mr. Armstrong spent October in the Mbonga field.

The first of August found the mob of students at the station for their month of garden work before classes began. But even though everyone worked at gardening both morning and afternoon, the beginning of school found us with only part of the gardens ready and none of the dormitories or student houses repaired. Now that the hard rains have begun we hear a constant and almost daily chorus of "I couldn't sleep last night because it rained in all over our house." How glad we will be when at last we have permanent buildings and can be relieved of the constant

job of replacing fallen down mud buildings.

A few weeks ago the native church leaders came in for a conference and time of prayer. At one of the first sessions Nkuti warned them not to lean against the posts of the church as it might fall down. As a matter of fact it did start to fall and has had to be practically rebuilt.

The meeting of the native leaders was a real inspiration to us. For the first time since the station was founded ten years ago, they have shown a willingness to really get under the load and consider the welfare of the church in Congo their own responsibility. Our hearts swelled with thanksgiving as we saw the group of Kimpese graduates sitting together and searching a way to reach the hearts of their people and win them to Christ. We can truly say that the future is as bright as the promises of God.

V.L.Smith

SONA BATA NEWS

Sona Bata has been having about the usual number of visitors during the past few months. The following have honored us by their visits: M. Hofkins, Commissaire de Province; M. Vandermassen, Administrateur Territorial who was leaving on furlough; M. Godisiabois, Agent Territorial; Mlle. Mensbruggen, who is engaged in government social service work in Leopoldville. Dr. Harkaway, who has charge of the government medical work in the Thysville-Banza Manteke area, has made frequent visits to our hospital. Dr. Theodora Johnson of the M.E.U. (the mission of the Swedish Covenant Church in America),

spent a few days here on the way to her new field of service. Mr. Waldamar, of the Norwegian Baptist Mission; Dr. Russell, Mr. Moore, Reverend Russell, and Rev. and Mrs. Austin, all of the B.M.S.; and Mr. and Mrs. Watkins and Mrs. Hall of our own mission have visited for longer or shorter periods.

One of the exciting things which has happened in our district was the outbreak of a smallpox epidemic, necessitating the vaccination of thousands of natives. 21 cases were cared for in the hospital. Fortunately none of the school children or any of the station personnel, excepting one of the girl nurses, contracted the disease. A less serious epidemic has been the whooping cough — even Ruth, Dean and Louise Ann Tuttle having suffered.

Our medical staff opened up a new dispensary in the Yongo Church village, November 12th. This church is in the midst of our most densely populated area. Our Christians have been pleading and praying for this dispensary for several years. The Formulac, which is the medical department of the Roman Catholic Mission at Kisantu, has been doing medical work in this district but in a way which has not always been truly helpful to our Protestant adherents.

Rev. and Mrs. MacDiarmid have conducted three institutes out in the district during October, November and December. About 100 catechistes, together with some of the pastors and assistant pastors, attended these institutes and profited by the instruction, inspiration and fellowship. Rev. and Mrs. MacDiarmid are now back on the station together with Wendy who has returned from Lubondai for the Christmas holidays.

The October combined Sunday evening worship ser-

vice was conducted by Mrs. MacDiarmid and the November meeting by Miss Mildred Tice. The December meeting is to be conductd by Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle.

A new experiment was inaugurated in school boy labor this year. Hitherto the girls have done all of the work of harvesting the manioc roots and preparing the bread made there from. This involves a considerable amount of hard labor and the carrying of heavy loads. Nevertheless it is considered somewhat of a disgrace for men and boys to do any of this work. The Mission has tried to teach the natives to be more considerate of the women as well as not to be ashamed of any honest work. But when our Boarding School boys were assigned the task of harvesting the manioc roots and carrying them to the "soaking pools" a "strike" resulted. Over 75 per cent of the boys returned their tools preparatory to going to their villages, ready to sacrifice their opportunity of an education rather than to be disgraced by doing "woman's work". But when they saw that their threat made no change in the missionaries' plans they quickly asked to be reinstated. Since then twice a week groups of boys are doing this work without grumbling and every boy has taken his turn.

Plans are going forward for a series of Christmas services which will include carol-singing, feats for the Boarding Schools and the Medical School, special services on Sunday morning, afternoon and evening, a program by the Boarding School on Christmas day followed by a service in which the Christians have been invited to participate by bringing a special Christmas offering of food or money which will later be distributed to needy folks. Most of them have very little

to give, but we want them to learn the joy of sharing what they have in the name of the Christ Child and we hope that participation in this service will emphasize the fact that we celebrate Christmas because "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Henry Erickson

HERE AND THERE

During recent months two of our colleagues have suffered long illnesses. Early in August Mrs. Osterholm broke her ankle while alone on the station at Vanga. Recent word says she is still confined to the house. Our new missionary Miss Youngsman, almost immediately after her arrival at Banza Manteke, became ill with a streptococcus infection in her ear and throat. A late report states she is now fully recovered.

Dr. Carpenter has just returned to Leopoldville by way of our stations Banza Manteke and Kimpese after a month's trip of inspection of Protestant Mission schools in the Mayombe district. While he was away Mrs. Carpenter was kept busy with a difficult bit of proof reading: "A Bibliography for Congo Schools". One proof presented the following: "Serving Cod in the Thunder School". Even a proof reader's life is not dull.

We have no news article this issue from Moanza but an employee of a local Leopoldville firm gave us an interesting item the other day. It seems he had written Mr. Engwall about a bill overdue and had

received the following reply: "You folks in the city don't realize how long it takes mail to reach us here in the bush. 'Hold your horses' and trust me." The employee, in spite of being English, grasped the meaning of the Americanism.

Recent word from our dear Tata Moody indicates that he is still going strong, travelling all over the states and often speaking several times a day.

Editor

CLARA LESLIE

Word has come from Mrs. Frederickson that Mrs. Leslie passed away early Sunday morning, September 24th. She had been very ill the two last weeks. Ted, her son, took the body back to Milton, Penn. where the funeral was September 30th.

Our deep sympathy goes out to her sons and daughters at this time. Thousands of Africans will never forget their first white father and mother who brought the Gospel Light to the darkness of Vanga field. Mrs. Leslie never spared herself in her effort to guide those under her spiritual teaching and motherly care.

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

BANZA MANTEKE

Rev. and Mrs. J.E.Geil
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Esther Ehnbom
Miss Lena Youngsman

KIKONGO

Rev.and Mrs. B.W.Armstrong
Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Smith
Miss Agnes Anderson

KIMPESE

Dr. C.L. Mabie
Rev. and Mrs. U.A.Lanoue

LEOPOLDVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. H.J.Watkins
Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Atkins
Rev. and Mrs. M.S. Engwall

NTONDO

Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Dr. Dorothea Witt
Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown

SONA BATA

Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Tuttle
Miss Mildred Tice
Rev.and Mrs. P.A.MacDiarmi
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson

VANGA

Dr. and Mrs. A.C. Osterholm
Miss Eva Shepard
Miss Alice Jorgenson
Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins

SPECIAL WORK

Rev. and Mrs. G.W. Carpente

ON FURLOUGH

Rev. and Mrs. T.E. Bubeck
Rev. and Mrs.L.A. Brown
Miss Ruth Dickey
Miss Grace Cooper